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THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1908.

### Names for the Sea Lions.

Baltimore's park board is having difficulty in naming a span of sea lions. Our contemporary, the News, of that city, undertakes to help by listing the practice among the Indians, where the women who serve in lieu of trained nurses look out the wigwam door and choose for the new-born babe the name of whatever the eye first falls upon—"Lame Horse," "Rain in the Face," "Sitting Bull," "Bear Scratching Tree," and the like.

If the tots of our sister city can prevent, Baltimore shall not be put to any such resort. They are sending to the News a whole directory of names. Phrase and fable are alike comprehended, the entries ranging from Pallas and Jupiter to Lige and Tobe. On the assumption that the park board may adopt the Indian custom, however, its range of choice will be widely extended, such names as Oriole and Beauty, Jones and Falls, Fire District, and Open Sewer suggesting themselves on the instant.

But two names offer which to this long-distance view seem better than any of these. As a rank outsider, the Times proposes them modestly, but confidently. They may have the merits of linking mythology and current history, of carrying the mind from prehistoric Greece to the modern Eastern Shore, of coupling two that have ever braved the lightning. They are:

Ajax and Bjax, the "B" standing for Bill, of course.

Or, if the park board prefers the vernacular, the plain method and direct, why not simply cut cross lots and baptize these infants of the pond with names sure to foster their growth into the Great Splashes the city would have them be? What are those names? What should they be but—

Me and Sydney.

### Mr. Sulzer's Great Beat.

To the Hon. William Sulzer, tribune of the people, incarnation of the ambitions and aspirations of the lower East Side, statesman, orator, and sole proprietor of the greatest one-man filibuster on earth, is due, it now appears, one added distinction. Few men could bear, as yet fewer could earn, the multiplied honors which shower themselves upon the Hon. Sulzer.

It develops that it was Mr. Sulzer who turned the National Democratic Club of New York, willy nilly, into a Bryan club. The club didn't just know it had been converted to Bryan till it was all over; and when it made the discovery it was far from certain whether it was glad. But everybody else was highly pleased; Bryanites, with the marvellous conversion, and anti's, with the manner of its accomplishment.

Mr. Sulzer was asked to secure speakers for the club's banquet, to be held April 13. The banquet was designed by its New York promoters to be anti-Bryan, safe and sane. Maybe Mr. Sulzer knew this; maybe not; anyhow, he didn't say anything. He rounded up a good bunch of oratorical talent in Washington, and then wrote to the club that, of course, the speakers wouldn't want to come unless Mr. Bryan were invited! He assumed this little formality would be attended to.

Inasmuch as the dinner had first been planned as a coming-out affair for Governor Johnson, and Governor Johnson would have been the guest of honor and the star speaker but for a previous engagement, it seemed tough not only to lose Johnson, but to have to take on Bryan. However, there was nothing else for it. Mr. Bryan was invited to come and eat. Not to talk.

Mr. Sulzer conveyed the invitation, and it would seem that, with a due regard for the Nebraska's feelings, he omitted to mention that Mr. Bryan would be expected to keep still. Mr. Bryan accepted, and named the subject on which he would speak!

When this was conveyed to the club program committee it created consternation. Here was Bryan actually coming in and capturing the dinner planned for his undoing! What a fearful blunderer this Sulzer person was, to be sure! It was unspeakable, quite. Of course, there was no helping it now; the club would have to look pleasant, grind its teeth, and hear Mr. Bryan talk

about "The Limit," or something or other—appropriate subject! When they find out, over at New York, whether the Hon. William Sulzer is frightfully stupid or just naturally smart, they will know more about just how mad they are.

### German Trade and the Tariff.

The official figures on trade with Germany, under the new customs arrangement, are proving a hard blow to the extreme protectionists who were positive, when the deal was negotiated, that it would be disastrous to this country, and would open the floodgates for an inundation of pauper-made goods, while injuring our export trade.

Great stress was laid on the predictions of disaster. The high-tariff people were positive that this administrative agreement was the beginning of a series of insidious attacks on protection, which would soon undermine the structure. The critics of the new arrangement even, told the number of factories that would be closed on account of this arrangement, and found their sole satisfaction in the prediction that at any rate the results would be so fearful that they would bring about a reaction in favor of more stringent enforcement of the very letter of Dingley schedules.

But the actual working of the arrangement has been a painful disappointment to forecasters of disaster. Figures just issued on the trade with Germany for eight months ending with February, including the period since the new arrangement took effect, show a big increase in exports to Germany. At the same time there has been an actual reduction in the amount of "pauper-made" goods imported from Germany, compared with previous years.

For the eight months, exports to Germany were \$212,000,000, against \$185,000,000 for the like period of the preceding year, and \$170,000,000 and \$137,000,000, respectively, for the two years before that. During the same period, imports to Germany were \$103,000,000, compared with \$109,000,000 the preceding year. Moreover, the first year under the new arrangement is the first in a long time in which there has been a reduction in imports from Germany.

This arrangement was denounced, at the time it was negotiated, as a bit of denatured reciprocity; just as much reciprocity as could be arranged without having received the consent of the Senate. It was declared a vicious executive usurpation, an attempt to manipulate the customs laws without the help of Congress. It was everything bad.

But the protectionist extremists have had little to say of late about German trade. The proof of the pudding is in the eating; and this German experience demonstrates that nothing is so much needed to improve the conditions of foreign trade as more revision, more moderation in duties.

This is an excellent time for labor leaders and organizations to make themselves strong with the public by adopting a policy of conciliation that will promote better business conditions instead of tending to complicate them. Likewise it is a proper juncture for employers of labor to make every concession to the necessity for keeping labor at work.

The Hon. Edwin Denby, in his observation that anyone we need men with brains, not millions, in the high posts of the diplomatic service, appears to have located accurately the head of the nail, and then to have landed on it.

Maybe the fact that Mr. Purdy is a specialist in the prosecution of trusts, which are shortly to be converted and put beyond the need of prosecution, accounts for his failure to land that Judge-ship.

The publicity of campaign contributions is like the tariff revision issue in that everybody is now in favor of it after the next election.

The Kaiser's letter to Lord Tweedmouth having been made public, international comity seems to require that equal consideration be shown the American public by letting it know what his majesty really said about Dr. Hill.

The muck-rakers of the House Judiciary Committee ought to send that body an engrossed copy of their most abject apologies. It has reported a bill, a bill that ought to have been reported, too.

As to the political significance of the Massachusetts primaries, everything depends on who is telling it. Plainly, however, it is that Taft is either overwhelmingly nominated or hopelessly defeated.

The news reports from Haiti indicate that the town of Brownsville, now in Texas, U. S. A., ought to be annexed to that troublesome island and made the capital.

It is fair to assume that in about the same proportion that Congress cuts down Mr. Harriman's claim for services in damming the Colorado river, that distinguished campaign financier will be disposed to prune his contributions to the next campaign.

Congressman Campbell really ought to have consulted with Senator Martin, and included bridge whist among the prohibitions of his bill for the suppression of gambling in the District.

Those Philadelphia young people who were married at the top of the Washington Monument had a prompt come-down in the world.

## SPRING POEM CONTEST

Good poems are rare, and bad ones are so, there isn't so much difference, after all. Scores of good poems are coming through the mails every day to the Spring Poem Editor. Keep up the contest. The author of the best spring poem will get a prize of five dollars at the end of the week. The best ones will be printed each day. Here are a few more:

"Tell me what are the signs of spring?"  
She asked in accents quaint,  
And he replied by answering:  
"To Let," "For Sale," and "Palm!"  
La A. Ebbell,  
1507 G street northwest.

There's a spring to the clock, and a  
spring to the boy,  
Spring to the wagon and spring to the  
toy,  
But spring after winter is the best one  
around,  
For every seed growing springs out of  
the ground.

The peas, the potatoes, the onions, the  
corn,  
Yes, things all spring up when the  
weather gets warm;  
You can drink from the spring, you can  
hoe in the spring,  
And now times are good, we are writ-  
ing on spring.

R. B. Croston,  
East Falls Church, Va.,  
R. F. D. No. 1.

Only a bunch of lilacs, bought at a  
market stall,  
But, ah, the tender memories their pur-  
ple blooms recall:  
Deep I inhale the fragrance, and back  
there come to me  
The happy days of childhood—the days  
that used to be.

I see again the far house, the dear old  
home of yore,  
With the bright spring sunshine o'er it,  
and mother at the door;  
And the lilac bushes bending in the  
early morning breeze,  
And over in the orchard the blossom-  
ing fruit trees.

And from the open doorway, my sister  
May and I,  
Run out to pick the blossoms from off  
the bush so high—  
A bunch for dearest mother, because  
she loves them so,  
And one to take to teacher, upon her  
desk to go.

Only a bunch of lilacs, only some com-  
mon flowers,  
But, ah, they bring before me my child-  
hood's golden hours.  
Dear mother left us lonely, ere lilac  
time was o'er;  
Flowers return with springtime, but  
mine return no more.

Mrs. E. P. Terlinger,  
300 Carroll avenue, Takoma Park.

Give me an evening in April,  
When daylight slowly wanes,  
And the shadows are softly stealing  
O'er mountains and fertile plains.  
Though seared is the grass around us,  
And leafless and bare are the trees,  
Yet we know that Nature's forces  
Are working as busy as bees.

So perfect in form and color,  
To the pattern of old so true;  
Yet never a word of discussion  
Do we hear as their work they pursue.  
No bustle or any commotion,  
Not even a whisper or sound;  
'Tis thus her Easter garment  
Is fashioned beneath the ground.

Catherine F. Little,  
402 Tenth street southeast.

Poems of Spring,  
Have often been sprung,  
But the Washington public  
Has always been stung.

When birds on the wing  
Should sweet melodies crow,  
Us poor D. C. folks  
Are looking for snow.

Perhaps 'tho' some morn'  
We'll open our eyes,  
And "spring" from our beds  
With glad surprise.

To find that good weather,  
Has come here at last,  
We'll then give Spring welcome,  
Forgetting the past.

Fred Koch,  
1110 G street.

Oh the beautiful spring  
What a wonderful thing  
Is life unfolding,  
To see the glad days,  
And merry child play—  
'Tis truly ennobling.

The trailing arbutus  
And the many wild flowers,  
Oh, what a joy!  
To look to the trees  
And feel the warm breeze,  
I'm glad I'm a boy.

Hurrah for the days  
Of the juvenile plays  
That we children love.  
We hop, skip, and run,  
And, oh, what fun;  
All comes from above.

We thank Thee for life  
Though often a strife  
Message now,  
How short the time seems,  
'Tis all a short dream,  
And how little we give!

Robert Marsh,  
3028 Fifteenth street northwest.

I trust that you will send to me  
The very much desired "V."  
My shoes are busted through and  
through  
The grass is green, the sky is blue—

For doing stunts with pen and ink  
I'm Johnny-on-the-spot; I think  
I'll put all other poets to rout.  
The crocus buds are coming out—

I hate to tell a tale of woe,  
My finances are getting low,  
Be sure to send that Five today.  
The lambent gambles at its play—

I had no stamp, I borrowed it;  
I'll pay it back when you remit.  
It's up to you. Upon the pave  
The pit-pat of the April rain—

From modesty I must hold back,  
Nor tell you all the things I lack.  
He prompt in payment, thus I sing  
The praises of the Gentle Spring—  
Cecile Reynolds Robertson,  
42 Seaton place northwest.

"A gleam of red, in the garden,  
A breath of balm, on the breeze,  
And lo, all the sweet-scented violets  
Are peeping from under the trees.  
And I think, of all summer flowers,  
No matter how poets may sing,  
There is nothing so sweet as the violet,  
The reminder, of beautiful spring."

Mrs. Annie Offutt,  
719 Eleventh street northeast.

"When you rise some morning and won-  
der why  
The sun is brighter or bluer the sky,  
And there's something within you that  
surges wild,  
And you want to run and shout like  
a child.

"You feel so good you would gladly give  
Of all you possess to those who live,  
And you cannot think the world is  
wrong,  
With your heart so full of jubilant song.

"For every living man or thing  
Stands forth anew with a glorious ring,  
Of truth and friendly fellowship,  
Which clasps you in a deathless grip.

"There's nothing gone astray within.  
It isn't religion, new thought or sin,  
You're not a subject for insane fare;  
Your senses are not in need of repair.  
It's just spring!"

Fletcher Frost,  
Twenty-second and P streets nw.

The rippling of each tiny brook,  
As it winds its way thro' glen and  
nook,  
The chirp of the sparrow in the glee;  
The caw of the crow as he flies o'er  
The blue bird's twitter in thick and  
ledge;  
The blue bird's squeak like a saw on  
edge;

The soft winds rustling the fresh, green  
leaves;  
The chatter of swallows under the  
eaves;  
All these are the sounds that gladden  
And tell us that springtime at last is  
here,  
For the voice of nature speaks—  
The voice that brings pleasure to each  
sad life.

That is weary or burdened with sorrow  
and strife,  
It lightens the heart so full of care,  
For we feel that the Maker of all is  
near  
When His voice in nature speaks.

E. A. Cameron,  
219 Twelfth street southwest.

I'm not a Spring poet,  
I like you to know it,  
No matter what charges you bring;  
Although my poor muse you wish to  
refuse,  
Still I never have sung about Spring.

I rhyme "blue" with "true"  
And with thoughts about you  
And I've sonnets to birds on the wing,  
And I liken my "love" to a sweet cooling  
"dove,"  
But I never have sung about Spring.

I've written an ode  
That is up to the code  
With a proper pastoral ring  
About babbling brooks and shepherds  
with crooks  
But I never have sung about Spring.

Cecile Reynolds Robertson,  
42 Seaton place northwest.

Buds are swelling,  
Streams are welling,  
O'er banks propelling,  
Floods from far away,  
Spring is near—is near.

Winds are blowing,  
Clouds are snowing,  
Flowers are peeping,  
Shyly from the leaves;  
Spring is queer—so queer.

Sun is shining,  
Whose repining,  
When low reclining,  
In the heart of day?  
Spring is here—she's here.

Sixteenth and Emerson streets north-  
west.

Soft zephyrs stir the treetops, cold and  
bare,  
And fan the gaunt and weary-lined  
face  
Of Winter, as he turns in mute despair  
From charming Springtime's soft and  
winning grace.

The robin red-breast calls unto his mate,  
From swaying branch and tulip-spring,  
The happy children swing upon the  
gate,  
And sweet whisperings on the air are  
borne.

Oh, gentle maiden, tender as a dove,  
What is it in your eyes so pure and  
true,  
Is it the Springtime, with its dreams of  
love,  
Calling again in cadence ever new?

Oh, happy youth, untouched by care or  
fear,  
Of aught the future holds for you in  
store,  
Does gentle Spring come whispering in  
your ear?

Blow on sweet zephyrs through the  
leafy boughs,  
Sing on sweet birdling, happy with  
your mate;  
To all things comes the Spring's glad  
message now,  
Oh! longing hearts, you shall no  
longer wait.

Lucy Field Greene,  
1112 K street northwest.

The days of weary waiting  
And of drowsy hibernating  
Now have passed,  
And there comes a joy supernatural  
As the sun god wakes the vernal  
Spring at last.

The violets salute us  
And the jasmine and arbutus  
Now are dressed,  
And old Sol's mesmeristic focus  
Has aroused the dainty crocus  
From its rest.

The bees will soon be humming  
And the birds are hither coming  
The wing,  
With life o'er death victorious  
No season is more glorious  
Than the spring.

David Eccles,  
Landover, Md.

There's a song of birds on the morning  
air,  
There's a glint of green at your feet,  
There's violets blossoming everywhere  
With perfume and sweet,  
There's a brush of broom at the back  
doorway  
And the housecleaning path we clear,  
And the rag man called again today.

Ruby E. Lorentz,  
23 Harrison street, Anacostia.

## SHIP FIGUREHEADS NO LONGER USED

Custom Now Obsolete With Other Ancient Nautical Customs.

The figurehead, once deemed an in-  
dispensable ornament in naval archi-  
tecture, has gone into that oblivion  
wherein repose the "eight-day win-  
dlass," worked by wooden handspikes;  
the clumsy tiller, with which vessels of  
considerable size were once steered, the  
old-fashioned card compass, and to  
which hemp standing rigging is fast  
going.

There is still a great number of sail-  
ing craft—particularly schooners—which  
in size, carrying capacity and beauty of  
model far surpassing those of the times  
when not a steam vessel plowed the  
ocean and the sails of American-built  
vessels whitened every sea on the globe,  
but the figurehead has disappeared with  
the small, clumsy, bluff-bowed and high-  
sterned vessel of a former century.

Perched up conspicuously under the  
bowsprit, as if constantly on the look-  
out, was this carved figure of a beast,  
bird or human, glittering in paint and  
gilt, and diving into the briny element  
with each plunge of the vessel. This  
ornament was the pride of the old  
sailor, and the vessel was considered in-  
complete without it.

Objects Represented.  
Various and wonderful were the ob-  
jects represented by these products of  
the sculptor in wood. If the ship were  
named after a man or a woman, the  
artist who made the figure endeavored  
to carve it into a semblance of its  
namesake. Sometimes it was a king or  
queen or other potentate, perhaps even  
the king of the element over which the  
wooden lookout kept unceasing watch.

Neptune himself, the vessel might be  
named after an Indian chief, and the  
wood carver would then adorn his  
figurehead with a sea-horn, or a  
feathered head dress, and the para-  
phernalia of the red warrior. Heroes of  
antiquity, fighting men of the  
past, from Julius Caesar of Rome, to  
Alexander of Greece, might be seen in  
their ancient warrior dress, stationed  
between the bows of some huge mer-  
chant ship or grim man-of-war. His-  
torical personages, mythological charac-  
ters, a griffin, a dragon, a sea-horse, or  
a mermaid; Jupiter with his thunder-  
bolts; Venus, her wooden counterpart  
arising from the sea as did the  
goddess herself or Apollo with his lyre,  
each stood firmly at its respective post  
under the bowsprit of some vessel that  
bore its name.

Recalling the figurehead of the  
snuggler's vessel which represented the  
witch poised over the element which  
was her home. They will also recall  
the incident in which the revenue  
officer, under cover of the darkness of  
night, attempted to cut the cable of  
the Witch, that she might drift ashore  
and become the prize of the revenue  
authorities. Although it was in the days  
before the development of electricity,  
the author anticipated the perfection  
and utilization of the medium, and  
the first touch of the steel tools on the  
iron chain a vivid glare almost  
blinded the surrounding officer, banishing  
the surrounding gloom as with the light  
of day, the illumination revealing every  
rope and block on the little vessel and  
even the wooden figure of the Water  
Witch under the bows, which seemed to  
look down menacingly upon him.

Sometimes the figurehead would bear  
no resemblance to the name of the vessel,  
but was merely the wooden effigy of  
some object. More often—with the sailor's  
proverbial love of the fair sex—it  
would be that of a woman, either the  
full figure or only the head and bust,  
and the skilled work of the wood carver  
in their trade that when finished off  
with paint and gilt the image presented  
a wonderful resemblance to the real  
thing. Another emblem that adorned the  
bows of American-built vessels—al-  
though it was frequently seen on the  
bows of the craft—was the eagle, either  
in repose or with outspread wings, as if  
ready to take its flight over the broad  
domain of the country of which the  
feathered monarch, this ornament  
is still used on vessels.

With the disappearance of the fig-  
urehead from marine architecture, the  
occupation of the wood carver is gone;  
the carving of these nautical orna-  
ments has become almost a lost art.  
A few tobacco signs, the work of a  
small number of artists, are all that  
remain to show that there was such a  
trade—Exchange.

With colds caught from the treacherous  
breeze, we sneeze and sneeze.

We hear the voice of birds, and watch  
the spiders spin;  
We know from signs around us that the  
season's in—  
The birds in large letters boom  
spring medicine.

A lazy feeling shows we have spring  
fever bad;  
We seek relief, and eager read full  
many an ad  
That tells us where the best spring tonic  
may be had.

Hand organs, wheezy notes are heard  
throughout the land,  
Also the drums and trombones of the  
German band;  
Yes, spring is here, the tokens are on  
every hand.

Dew.  
O, gentle Spring, thou drawest near  
And bringest joy with a tear  
Our coal pit slowly dies a death  
The loaman comes and takes our breath,  
We note the blooms through parks we  
pass.

Also the sign "Keep off the grass."  
The birds will fit and fly and sing,  
The bees will soon be humming  
And the birds are hither coming  
The wing,  
With life o'er death victorious  
No season is more glorious  
Than the spring.

David Eccles,  
Landover, Md.

There's a song of birds on the morning  
air,  
There's a glint of green at your feet,  
There's violets blossoming everywhere  
With perfume and sweet,  
There's a brush of broom at the back  
doorway  
And the housecleaning path we clear,  
And the rag man called again today.

Ruby E. Lorentz,  
23 Harrison street, Anacostia.

The days of weary waiting  
And of drowsy hibernating  
Now have passed,  
And there comes a joy supernatural  
As the sun god wakes the vernal  
Spring at last.

## FANCY'S FALSEHOODS FISHING FUDGE JENKINS, BOSS BURYING BEST BILLS



JUDGE JOHN J. JENKINS,  
Wonder if He's Blue.

## BLACK HAND THREAT ALARMS ITALIANS

CHICAGO, April 2.—The "Black  
Hand" terror hangs over the Chicago  
Italian colony again.

The police learned yesterday that An-  
tonino Lumia, 49 Gault court, a jeweler  
and watchmaker, is threatened with the  
kidnaping of his son if he does not de-  
liver \$500 tonight at 8 o'clock at a  
stated place. Lumia's son, Luigi, is  
eleven years old.

Lumia reported to Inspector Anson  
Backus, in command of the Chicago  
avenue district, that he had received  
two threatening letters, each signed  
with a black hand. One of these let-  
ters, which he received last Monday  
evening, was marked "Last warning." The  
missives were written in Italian.

The first one, translated, reads as fol-  
lows:  
"We demand that you take \$500 in  
American money, and next week on  
Thursday, April 2, go over Chicago ave-  
nue to Halsted street and then walk  
over the bridge. Do not look behind you.  
If you do, you will be shot. If you  
fail to do as we tell you, your boy  
will be taken and you will wish you  
had obeyed."

"BLACK HAND SOCIETY."  
The second letter in substance is  
nearly the same as the first.  
Lumia's family will watch the resi-  
dence in order to prevent any attack on  
his family or attempt to damage his  
home.

Miss Marie Dorso, a star in "The  
Morals of Marcus," will be at the  
New National Theater for one week  
beginning Monday night, April 6.  
Miss Dorso has been before the public  
only a few seasons, but in that time,  
by her winsome personality, her quaint  
methods, and her indispensible histo-  
riental talent she has endeared herself  
to a large proportion of those who find  
much of their diversion in the theater.

Others in the cast are Miss Beatrice  
Forbes-Robertson, a niece of the dis-  
tinguished English actor, and Forrest  
Robinson.

"Going Some" Coming.  
"Going Some" by Paul Armstrong and  
Rex Beach, will be presented by Lie-  
bler & Co. at the Belasco Theater the  
week of April 6, and is a comedy of  
Western life.

The play has been staged by George  
Marion, who is also a member of the  
cast, which includes James E. Sullivan,  
Richard Bennett, Howard Zetterbrook,  
Gretchen Dale, Molly Brady, and Carle  
Reynolds.

"The Clansman."  
"The Clansman" will close its third  
successful tour of the South next week,  
at the Columbia Theater, and after that  
both Southern folk and other admirers  
of the Reconstruction drama will not  
have another opportunity to view it for  
several years to come. Already re-  
hearsals are in progress for the revised  
version of "The Clansman" which will  
be presented abroad.

Vaudeville at Chase's.  
Chase's next week will present an  
array of attractions, including W. H.  
Thompson and company, in "For Love's  
Sweet Sake," Eugene Jepson and com-  
pany, in "The Manicure," and other  
interesting features.

Blaney Coming Back.  
Harry Clay Blaney, as "Willie Live,  
the Boy Detective," will be the next  
attraction at the New Academy, begin-  
ning Monday night next. Mr. Blaney  
will be assisted by Miss Kitty Wolf,  
the southern belle, who has become  
as popular in this style of plays as Mr.  
Blaney. They will introduce several  
specialties.

"Her Mad Marriage."  
"Her Mad Marriage," said to be one  
of the very best detective melodramas

Littlefield Measure Lies in  
Vault No. 23 of  
Morgue.

Bloom of Statesmanship  
Withered by Chamber's  
Sepulchral Air.

Up and down the corridors of the  
Capitol there flies today a false rumor,  
and through the cloakrooms there  
flashes the rapier of unkind insinuation.  
And Judge John J. Jenkins, chairman  
of the House Committee on Judiciary,  
hears the fluttering of rumor's wings  
and catches now and then the glint  
from the flashing rapier. But that the  
rumor is false and the insinuation un-  
founded, is contended by Judge Jenkins.

The story goes that the Speaker con-  
siders the Committee on Judiciary as  
his own personally conducted legisla-  
tive morgue, where he can bury any  
bill he wishes. And the insinuation is,  
that the committee being a morgue,  
its chairman, Judge Jenkins, is the  
keeper of the morgue.

Sepulchral Chamber.

To the rumor are attached glowing  
details and funeral figures of speech.  
The rooms of the committee are pic-  
tured as hung in resplendent black and  
suffused with somber gloom, and the  
atmosphere is said to be of such a  
deadly nature that a brand new bill  
hurled through the door, shrivels up  
and begs to be put in its own particu-  
lar vault. It is further explained that  
a measure, however alive it may be,  
hits the floor of the room with a thud  
that echoes and re-echoes through the  
corridors finally assuming the sound of  
"dead."

From the story it may be inferred  
that Judge Jenkins, Judge Clayton, Mr.  
Dickens, and the House Judiciary com-  
mittee, towering in grand and gorge-  
ous grief above a field ornamented  
with graves and vaults and monuments.  
Instead of writing reports on bills, they  
inscribe epitaphs, and, for mental  
diversion they check off on their fingers  
the titles of bills killed during the past  
week.

Story of Heares and Bruised Hearts.

It is a gloomy story, dealing entirely  
with heares, tears, and bruised hearts.  
A member of the House asked today:  
"What has become of the Hepburn  
bill to amend the Sherman anti-trust  
law?"